In Praise of Laziness

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> *This is very important — to take leisure time. Pace is the essence. Without stopping entirely and doing nothing at all for great periods, you're gonna lose everything … just to do nothing at all, very, very important. And how many people do this in modern society? Very few. That's why they're all totally mad, frustrated, angry and hateful.*
>
> *— Charles Bukowski*

There's an old saying: the meek inherited the earth. For all we know, the truly meek is the lazy man. He is too modest to believe that any ferment and hubbub of his can ameliorate the earth or assuage the perplexity of humanity.

I am fundamentally aware that I'm lazy. In fact, I could be perhaps the laziest man that you will ever encounter. What's the point of denying a single fact that could pre-mediate your whole existence? I have no job, no meaningful and resourceful activities whatsoever. The only thing that keeps me busy, is my fast-growing fingernails. Or any other thing that keeps growing in my body. Which at some point, annoys me to the utmost contempt.

But is it totally wrong to be lazy? Am I too sinister for being a sloth? As far as I'm concerned, the man who is really, thoroughly, and philosophically slothful is the only thoroughly happy man. It is the happy man who benefits the world. The conclusion is inescapable. Would I rather be working, making money, and doing some activities that I have no interest of in the tiniest little bit, just to conform with the prejudicial system of our society? Frankly, no. I'd rather spend my precious time playing video games, watching good films, listening to and creating some music, reading, writing, and painting every once in awhile. I could even spend a day without doing nothing at all. What's there to be ashamed of when you genuinely enjoyed everything that you do?

Hell, even Bertrand Russell once gave a praise to laziness, that silly old man. Although he might have pointed out some excruciatingly long details regarding to his argument, which I won't dwell too much.

It is a little bit spiteful for people to judge me as a self-denying-sloth-who-will-do-no-good-for-society. No, don't be like that. Don't be such a rude, foul-mouthed, honker, arseholes. Nobody likes an arseholes, and a honker. Take my suggestion, if you still value your own mind and being. I'd prefer the word 'indolence'. It makes my laziness seem much more classy and elegant. There's a certain jest to it.

Somebody once said to me, that one should be careful to distinguish laziness from dignified repose. But I personally think that it was an empty statement, a mere quibble. Laziness is always dignified, it is always reposeful. Don't you think so? Philosophical laziness, I mean. The kind of laziness that is based upon a carefully reasoned analysis of experience. Acquired laziness. The one that we usually get by choice, not by some divine intervention who told us that we are destined to be

lazy from the moment we were born. I have no respect for those who were born lazy; it is like being born a millionaire: they cannot appreciate their bliss. It is the man who has hammered his laziness out of the stubborn material of life for whom we chant praise and *allahuakbar*, *hallelujah*, or whatever.

I have always secretly envied my lazy friends. Now I am going to join them. I have burned my boat or my bridge or whatever it is that one burns, on the eve of a momentous decision.

0 Responses to “In Praise of Laziness”

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